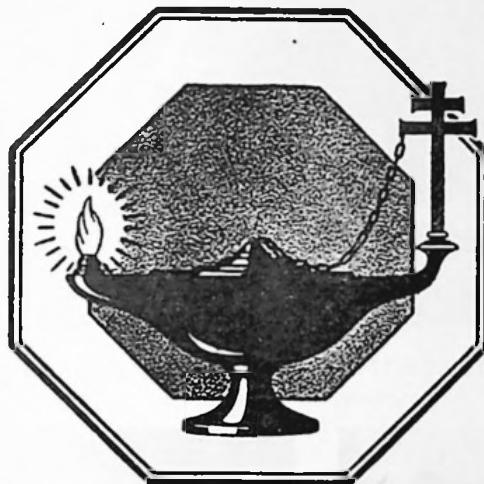


TOC H JOURNAL



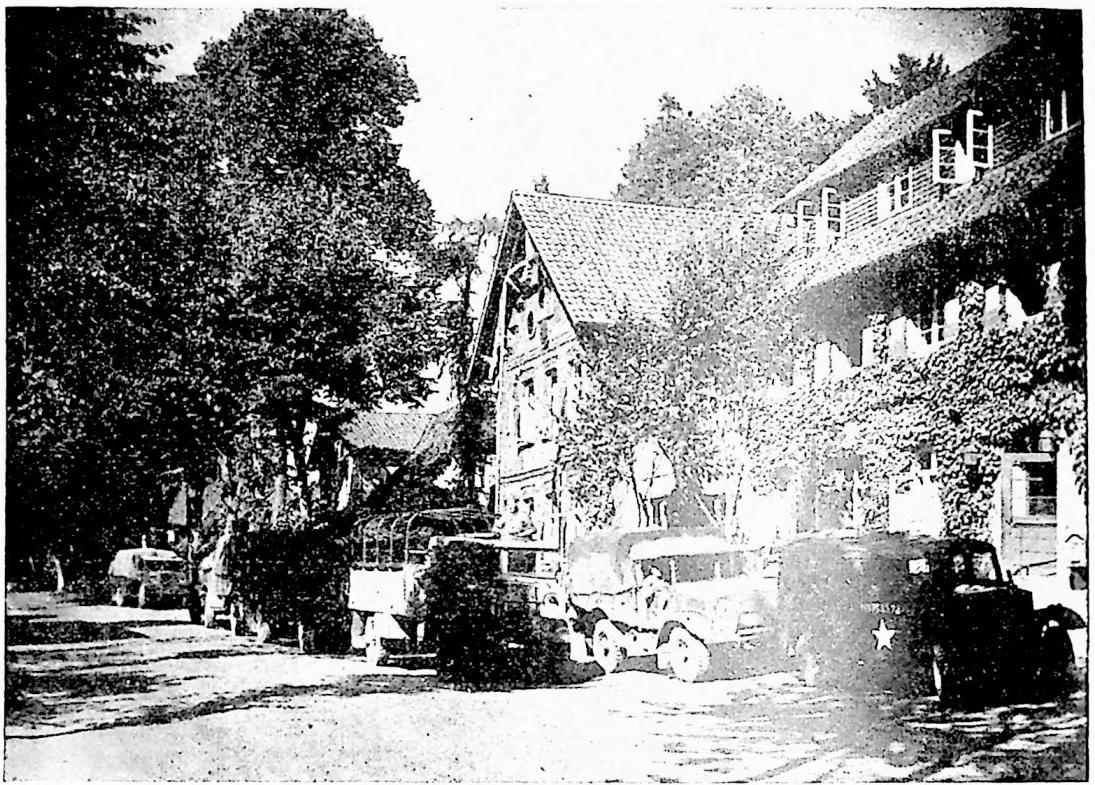
DECEMBER—MCMXLV

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

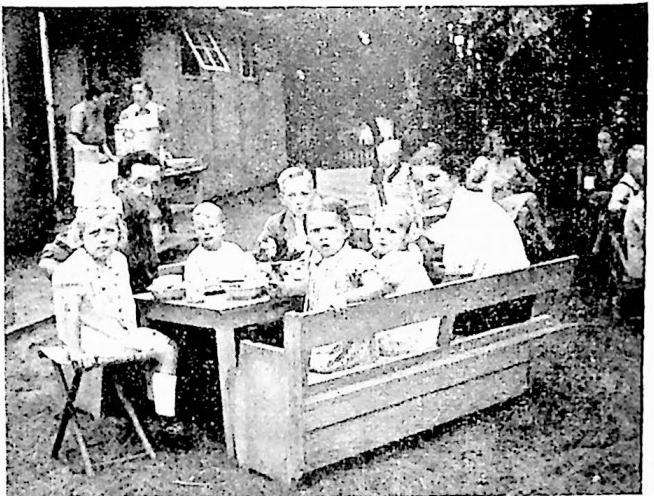
	Page
THE FESTIVAL OF SIMPLE THINGS, by Kathleen Duncan	179
THE STORY OF BRUNSWICK, by Arthur Green	180
TOC H PRISONERS AT SINGAPORE, by Frank Miles	181
TOURIST IN GERMANY—I, by Barclay Baron	187

PUBLISHED BY TOC H FROM ITS HEADQUARTERS, AT
FORTY-SEVEN, FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

THREEPENCE



THE TOC H SERVICES CLUB AT FALLINGBOSTEL, GERMANY.

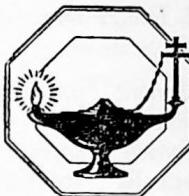


A CHILDREN'S PARTY AT FALLINGBOSTEL : *Left*—The youngest guest, aged 2, on the miller's donkey.
Right—Stan Hall, R.A.C., Secretary of the Toc H Services Team, and the Kindergarten mistress at tea with the children : the school hut behind, with ' Bill ' Martin making tea (*See page 190*).

TOC H JOURNAL

VOL. XXIII. No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1945



THE FESTIVAL OF SIMPLE THINGS

A single star of all the host
That grace the darkened field of heaven—
How small it seems and how remote!
Yet to one Star of old t'was given
To hang low in the Eastern sky,
Proclaiming that the Christ was nigh.

A stable is a lowly place,
With tired beasts and trampled hay,
Where a dim lantern from above
Lights earthen floor and rafters grey :
Yet in a manger, littered deep,
The Son of God was hushed to sleep.

A shepherd out among the hills
He knows no rank or pride of place;
Life's great simplicities are his,
And dignity a natural grace :
Yet shepherds once who watched the sky,
Saw all the shining ones go by.

The simplest things that men can know
And patient creatures, these we find
Still glorified, since long ago
God hallowed them for all mankind,
And still wise men their homage bring
At Christmas to the infant King.

Pageants and pomps have passed men by,
And time has gathered them away;
Old stately customs are forgot,
Dead as the dreams of yesterday :
Yet each recurring winter brings
The Festival of Simple Things.

*The Old House,
Poperinghe.*

KATHLEEN DUNCAN.

THE STORY OF BRUNSWICK

ARTHUR GREEN, *Captain, R.A.C., a member of Grange Park Branch, North London, a prisoner of war in Italy and then in Oflag 79 at Brunswick, contributes this brief account of a very remarkable scheme, in which Toc H members have been concerned from the start and should continue to play a part.*

A PRIVATE in the Parachute Regiment—a Red Devil captured at Arnhem, is really the hero of the story of Brunswick. It began during one of those dreadfully tedious periods when we Prisoners of War in Oflag 79B were waiting for the callover by our German Guards. One officer asked another whether it was not possible to bring some good out of the evil of this aimless, boring, frustrated existence. What was needed was a real corporate effort, something which would have a definite practical result, and not end in castles in the air. It was Captain Flood who made the definite suggestion that we should plan to start a Brunswick Boys' Club when we were released.

It is perhaps strange that some of us were first brought to realise the need for Boys' Clubs by our own cramped and crowded circumstances, similar in some ways to the circumstances in which boys are brought up in the poorer quarters of our country. It is less strange that we should realise the immense boon of the creative freedom, the personal responsibility and the friendship of a Boys' Club. For these were things which as prisoners we had learned to assess as beyond price. The idea, thus originated, developed; plans were made, a camp meeting was held. It was a strange scene. There were men still in the uniforms in which long before they had been captured at Dunkirk, there were Desert Rats, there were Indian Officers, Australians, Canadians, and South Africans. They were all hungry because Red Cross parcels had stopped—and they were critical. The proposal was put that we should plan to start a Boys' Club when we got back to England. There were objections, but the Red Devil, one of the very few privates present, said haltingly but with conviction, "I am in a Boys' Club; there is nothing finer you can do in the world than start a Boys' Club." Officers who had been in

prison for years declared they had never seen such enthusiasm as was created by this speech. Success was assured; over £13,000 was raised in the camp in the course of a few weeks, with promises amounting to over £700 per year in addition.

Into the Future

We are looking for premises for our Club. But the National Association of Boys' Clubs does not regard that as the final end. They feel that the prisoners of Brunswick have challenged those who are free, to think and act and plan for the welfare of boys. Inspired by our effort a National Appeal for more and better Boys' Clubs is to be made. Since I have been back in this country I have realised that many who have their physical freedom are the prisoners of circumstance. It seems to me that Boys' Clubs can be the means of giving to thousands of boys that spiritual freedom which is the purpose of Toc H. But we found in Brunswick that we must place before ourselves a practicable and realisable objective. The National Appeal for Boys' Clubs provides us with that objective.

By the time this JOURNAL is published the National Appeal will have been launched. A target of £250,000 has been decided upon, but the appeal for money is but one side of the whole National Appeal. It is hoped that it will bring home to the Nation the urgent need for leaders and workers in the service of youth now—to serve not only boys, but girls also. It is in the field of practical service that the support of Toc H has been promised by the Central Executive; the call will not go unheeded by men in Toc H and the local appeal committees which are to be set up throughout the country through the existing machinery of the N.A.B.C. will be strengthened by including Toc H members.

ARTHUR GREEN.

TOC H PRISONERS AT SINGAPORE

At last we have the joy of welcoming home many Prisoner of War members from the Far East, and the sadness of learning of the death in Japanese hands of others. FRANK E. MILES, who joined Toc H in captivity and became Chairman of Changi Gaol Group, and District Pilot of the Singapore District, gives us the following report. It is hoped later to collect information about other Toc H activities in Malaysia, i.e., British Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Timor, Thailand, Indo-China, etc. Meanwhile all of us will congratulate the Far East members on keeping the Toc H flag flying under extremely hard conditions.

IN February, 1942, some tens of thousands of Allied troops in Singapore found, to their dismay, that they were Prisoners of War in the hands of the Japanese. I do not wish to dwell on the difficulties which then faced them or the hardships which so many were later called upon to endure, but in order to understand the work of Toc H in the various camps it is necessary to have some idea of the general background. Sufficient has been said in the general press about the low standard of diet, the absence of Red Cross supplies, the appalling sickness and death-rate and the general attitude of our captors. Fortunately in many camps atrocities were rare and the work of our medical services kept the death-rate down, but the sickness rate was constantly high.

It was always difficult for a man to do a good Toc H job in his spare time, particularly if he was on a "hard working" party. At the same time these conditions made it all the more necessary to bring about that spirit of comradeship and service which Toc H seeks to establish.

Two other important points need to be noticed. First, in all our camps—unlike the German ones—officers and men were kept together, and certain unfortunate factors tended to prevent a feeling of friendliness and an easy social intermingling of the two sections of the community—a difficult problem for our Groups attended by all types of Service ranks.

Secondly, different Allied nationalities were present in the same camps, particularly the Australian and the British, and the method of separated camp administration tended to hinder the free establishment of

friendships. Toc H played an important part in overcoming this.

Three Phases

The average home Group, after its formation, can settle down to prolonged life in reasonable predictable conditions. This was never possible in our camps. Working parties were always coming and going at very short notice and accommodation for meetings was always difficult to obtain and liable to be taken away at any time. Added to this, the Japanese from time to time either banned or imposed conditions on holding meetings.

Wholesale movements of working parties and of the whole base camp brought about three phases in Toc H Group life:—

A.—*March, 1942, to May, 1943*: By the end of this period working parties had gone up country on the notorious Thailand Railway construction, and the remnants of all previous Singapore camps were brought into one area—Selerang.*

B.—*May, 1943, to May, 1944*: In May, 1944, the whole camp was moved again so that—

C.—*From May, 1944, to September, 1945*: the base camp was now in the Changi Civilian gaol and surroundings. It had a large hospital of its own, but the base hospital was at Kranji.

The Groups

Phase A: 1. It is known that a Group was formed at TANDJONG-PRIOK, Batavia, Java, on March 28, 1942, and carried on until the camps were broken up in October of that year.

2. On March 27, 1942, an inaugural meeting was held in Changi, Singapore, and on April 2, the CHANGI (later SOUTHERN AREA) GROUP was formed. This large Group functioned intermittently until April, 1943.

for this 'Road of Death' 12,000 died. The sick-

* Of the 16,000 of our men who left the camps survivors returned to camp for a sad Christmas.

3. The 11TH (INDIAN) DIVISIONAL GROUP functioned from January until April, 1943.

4. The A.I.F. (SELERANG) GROUP was in being from February to April, 1943.

5. The GARDEN AND WOODS AREA GROUP, February to April, 1943.

6. The CALDECOTT GROUP, April to July, 1943. Little is known of this Group, which went overseas.

During this phase the Groups were more or less confined to the units stationed in the areas where they were formed and their life greatly influenced by the movements of working parties.

Phase B : 7. The SELERANG GROUP, a large and lively unit, formed from the remnants of 2, 3 and 4 above. It had a real mixture of Australian and British and of officers and men, and attracted some Dutch support for a time.

8. SIME ROAD GROUP, January to April, 1944, formed from the returning survivors of the UP-Country parties.

Phase C : 9. The CHANGI GAOL GROUP, formed from previous members of 7, 8 and 13. Perhaps the largest Group of all and again an excellent mixture of all ranks of Australian and British. It met in the somewhat grim precincts of the civilian Gaol.

10. The TARRAH-MERAH GROUP started as an offshoot of 9 to serve the needs of the hospital area outside the walls of the Gaol. September, 1944, to the end.

11. The WOODLANDS GROUP, June, 1945, to the end. A small Group which overcame great difficulties to meet the needs of a working party adjoining the Kranji Hospital area.

In a special class of their own were the three Base Hospital Groups, which functioned during all three phases at :—

12. ROBERTS HOSPITAL, CHANGI.

13. SELERANG, and

14. KRANJI.

While fluctuating in strength, these were always on their toes and as some of the stalwarts functioned throughout the whole period from December, 1942, to the end, they might perhaps be regarded as one continuous HOSPITAL GROUP.

Many working parties moved away with a number of members intending to form Groups wherever they arrived. It is known that some of these functioned, but sufficient detail is not yet available for a record.

The Meetings

Conditions were difficult and variable, and it required a real effort to put the meetings over in an attractive form in the time available. One large Group never had more than one hour in which to get together, conduct Group business in a manner such as to keep all informed of its affairs, listen to a talk, take 'Light' and Initiations and conclude

with Family Prayers. Refreshments were out of the question, but at times a mug of tea was possible.

Some meeting places were under cover and some in the open. Often the meeting was held in one of the churches—as at Changi, here illustrated, but care was taken to ensure that a 'churchy' atmosphere did not prevail; at one place a screen stood before the altar during meetings—and smoking was always permitted.

An infinite variety of subjects was covered by the talks, and they were interspersed with social evenings, family nights, stump speeches, debates and the like. Meetings were held weekly. In one case Toc H had a hut of its own for a short period, and here is a specimen of its weekly diary :—

Monday—Whist Drive.

Wednesday—Jobs Night: odd jobs such as binding old books for Hospital patients. There was always a corner for the Pilot to chat to newcomers.

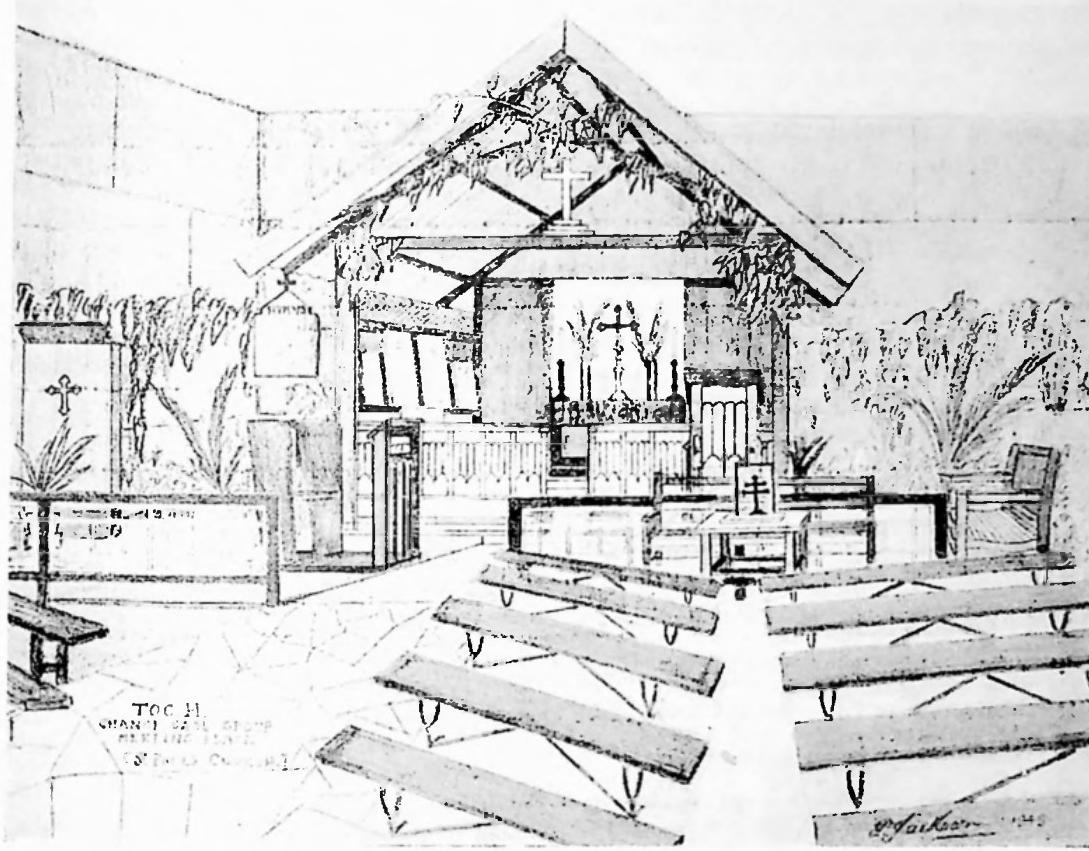
Thursday—Group Meeting.

Friday—Group Team or District Team Meeting.

On other evenings the hut was used by other organisations. In another case a room was available for a short time for mid-week social evenings.

The primary job was to build up such a spirit of fellowship at the meetings as would break down the depression which close confinement in adverse condition produces. But we always had an eye open for other jobs such as visiting Hospital patients and arranging entertainments, talks and competitions in the wards, church building and maintenance, reading to men with bad eyes, and so on. One Group can boast of its own monthly magazine, *The Torch*; of a series of pamphlets for post-war citizenship training; of its own badges (numbered and issued to members only); and of a 'Smokes Fund,' which helped to brighten the lot of the Group's supporters or others in Hospital or sick in quarters.

World Chain of Light celebrations were held on December 11, 1943, and 1944, and Services of Re-dedication were held on October 19 of those years. These services, efficiently organised, were impressively conducted



St. Paul's Church, Changi Gaol, meeting place of Toc H: a pencil drawing by a prisoner.

and were a source of delight and inspiration to the many who attended them.*

It is doubtful if many Groups at home could claim the mixture of people who attended our meetings—all Service ranks from Lt.-Colonel to Private, regular, volunteer and conscript, Army, R.A.F., R.N. and M.N., even N.A.A.F.I. personnel. One Group alone had representatives of twelve Australian and twenty British Army units. Civilian occupations, religious convictions and hobbies were equally diverse.

Organisation

Every endeavour was made to carry on Toc H affairs in an efficient manner, and a big step was taken in this direction by the formation, on February 24, 1943, of a District Team. The Team varied in composition but always had at least two representatives of each Group within the area. Besides co-ordinating the activities of the component Groups, the Team was responsible for approving candidates submitted by the Group for initiation into membership.

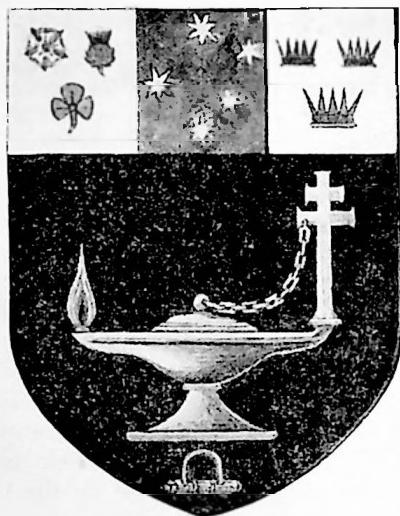
* The World Chain at Changi in 1944 has been described by another member home from there. At 8.30 p.m. (Tokyo time) the members gathered round their home-made Rushlight. Alan Bush (late B.B.C.) started with a 'travologue,' coming to rest in England, where John Hyde described his own Group at home, ending with the words "I pass on the Light." From England to Wales, for which Padre M. K. Jones spoke in Welsh, and round the group of speakers representing also Malaya, India, South Africa, Iceland, Canada and Australia—each man saying, "I pass on the Light," till it reached Singapore again and Padre Duckworth took prayers and dedicated the Rushlight to the Elder Brethren. As 9 o'clock struck 'Light' was held, and the prisoners felt themselves for a moment in touch with Toc H all round the world.

In December, 1943, it was decided to bring the administration still more closely into line with that at home—a valuable point in training. Padre Chambers, the Father of Toc H in Changi, was made responsible for the appointment of an Area Chairman and other Area officers. On the occasions when he was sent away from the Main Camp he nominated a committee of four to carry on the work. The Groups, of course, elected their own officers and District Team representatives. In any difficulty they could always ask the help of the District Team.

In 1944 a praiseworthy effort was made by holding classes (necessarily small owing to lack of accommodation) for the purpose of training members and probationers in all Toc H matters, including administration. The idea behind this was to train leaders for post-war activities.

Towards Branch Status

After much discussion it was decided in 1944 that, on our release, H.Q. at home should be asked to recognise the work done



throughout Malaysia by the granting of Branch status to a posthumous Malaysian Branch. This will require the consent of

* The design for the Banner is here reproduced from a careful water-colour drawing made in the camp by a prisoner. It gives the 'blazon' (in heraldic terms) as:— *Sable, the Toc H Lamp or lighted proper in base a fetterlock, a chief of the second on a pale azure, between the Union Rose, the Thistle and Shamrock of the third on the dexter and three Eastern Crowns of the fourth on the sinister, the constellation of the Southern Cross or.*

some Groups which did not have contact with us at Singapore, and it would help if the officers of any such Group would communicate with the English Correspondent (*see below*.) During the five months to September, 1944, all Group and District officers were required to answer ten questions (compiled from memory) and from these answers an application for promotion to Branch status was framed. This can be brought up to date to cover activities not known to the Singapore Team. Details with regard to expenses and the provision of a Lamp and Banner have been worked out.*

The Men behind the Scenes

The reader will have noticed that, with one exception, no names have been mentioned of men who worked behind the scenes to help the effective running of all these Groups. They were many in number and came from all walks of life: it would be invidious for the writer to pick out names for special mention. It would be the wish of everyone, however, that some special tribute should be given to the magnificent work and inspiring leadership of the late Padre Chambers, a former Southern Area Padre (*see notice in last month's JOURNAL*). He was, to us, the fount of all Toc H knowledge, and ever ready to put it at our disposal. His death, so shortly before our liberation, was a sudden and bitter blow to us. It had been our hope that he would be the one to return to England and give the full account of us to Headquarters.

It is intended to give a complete Roll of Honour of members who joined the Elder Brethren whilst in captivity, but it will be some time before records are sufficiently complete for this purpose. There are few of us who did not lose at least one Toc H friend.

The Future

It is not intended that friendships formed during imprisonment should have no means of being kept up. It is hoped to maintain

some interchange of news and ideas between us, and for this and other purposes Corresponding Secretaries have been appointed. They are:—

For Australia: ROY SCULL, 43, Nicholson Street, North Balwyn, Melbourne, Victoria.

For Malaya: JOHN MCNEISH, c/o Singapore Traction Co., Singapore.

For Great Britain: FRANK MILES, 70, Mora Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

These Secretaries will welcome news of Groups which operated in any P.O.W. camps in Malaysia.

In Conclusion

What then did Toc H achieve in the P.O.W. camps of which we write? Did our work have any measurable effect on prison life as a whole, and will it inspire us to future service?

It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the work done, but it can be claimed

in all honesty that we made the best use of such facilities as we had, that we cemented friendships which may prove to be lifelong, that we did our share in breaking down the barriers between the Australian and British communities and between the varying Service ranks, and that we made easier the lot of men who had lost friends and encouraged those who were anxious to use this enforced gap in their lives to train themselves to be better qualified as citizens of the future. Many Toc H units throughout the Empire will be strengthened by the addition of members who received their training during imprisonment. It will be for them to show by their service that the work of Toc H Malaysian P.O.W. units is not dead, but can be a living contribution to the solving of the many problems of the post-war world of Freedom.

F.E.M.

NOTE.—Some of the records of these P.O.W. Groups have reached us already. In the difficult circumstances they are kept in wonderful detail. The Changi membership register for instance has appendices showing all members' occupations, their denominations, their sports and hobbies (from 'Aquaria' to 'Woodwork') and a diary of all meetings. The District Team minute book is a complete typed record from February, 1943, to August, 1945. The Malaysian application for Branch status is a dossier of reports and questionnaires, typed or written, in great detail. Two fat Log Books of the Selerang Group survive out of several. The Register of Groups in the District is beautifully written and illuminated in colours.—EDITOR.

'Bridgebuilders' of Poperinghe



Some of our Belgian friends, men and women, in Poperinghe have formed a Toc H group called 'The Bridgebuilders,' which meets regularly in the Old House. Here the 'Women's section' of it is seen making soft Christmas toys for the town's orphan children.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

ARNOLD.—Killed in action in October, 1943, PETER JAMES ARNOLD, F/Sgt., R.A.F., a member of Hartley Wintney Branch. Elected 29.11.'39.

BRIGGS.—Reported killed in June, 1945, HARRY BRIGGS, Pilot, R.A.F., a member of Beeston Branch. Elected 1940.

GRAY.—On October 25, at Chittagong, Burma, SYDNEY WILLIAM GRAY, aged 39, Sergt., R.A.O.C., a member of Ealing Branch, some-time Secretary of West Middlesex District. Elected 18.4.'32.

GOODLiffe.—In a Japanese P.O.W. camp on May 28, S. ARTHUR GOODLiffe, R.E., a member of Bishops Stortford Branch. Elected 3.10.'36.

KIDD.—On June 16, 1942, GEORGE BEADLE KIDD, Paymaster Lieut., R.N.V.R., H.M.S. *Hermione*, sunk off Crete. Elected (Hull Branch) 20.9.'35.

LEIGH.—On October 30, ARTHUR FRANK LEIGH, aged 66, a member of Newbury Branch. Elected 29.5.'33.

MAMHEAD.—On November 2, Lord MAMHEAD, a member of the South Western Area General Branch. Elected (House of Commons Group) 14.4.'28.

PESCOTT.—Suddenly on November 12,

THOMAS ERNEST PESCOTT, aged 47, Jobmaster of Middleton-on-Sea Branch. Elected 12.9.'42.

PINE.—On October 21, 1944, HERBERT HENRY PINE, aged 56, former Pilot of Welling Group, later a member of Bexley Heath Group. Elected 21.7.'38.

PLUNKETT.—On September 19, KENNETH PLUNKETT, Secretary of Guy's Hospital, a member of Alton Branch. Elected 6.2.'35.

ROW.—ARTHUR S. ROW, a member of Wandsworth Branch. Elected 5.1.'27.

SUTTON.—On October 4, 1944, BENJAMIN CHARLES SUTTON, aged 61 years, a member of Bury St. Edmunds Branch. Elected 29.9.'34.

TATTMAN.—As a prisoner of war in Thailand, WILLIAM CHARLES TATTMAN, L/Cpl., a member of Houghton (Huntingdon) Branch. Elected 1.10.'35.

WATERIDGE.—Reported missing in 1941, later reported killed in action, FRANK WATERIDGE, R.N., one-time Secretary of Aylesbury Branch, later a General member. Elected April, 1936.

WILLIAMS.—On November 29, 1943, as a Japanese P.O.W., RAYMOND JAMES WILLIAMS, a member of Braunstone Branch, later of Stoke and of Seletai (Singapore). Elected November, 1936.

A Royal Concert



A concert in aid of Toc H work in occupied Europe and the Far East was given at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on November 13. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, was present

and entertained in the Royal Box six soldiers, varying in rank from captain to private. The Earl of Gowrie, who has done much for Toc H in Australia, was Chairman of the Concert Committee. Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It was a fine musical treat, opening with Walton's *Spitfire Prelude*, followed by Delius' *Songs Before Sunrise*; Moisiewitsch then played beautifully the solo in Tchaikowsky's *Concerto No. 1*, and the second part of the concert consisted of *Symphony No. 1* of Sibelius. Dr. Sargent announced that Toc H work was expected to benefit by £13,000 as the result of this effort. Our picture shows the Queen and Princess Margaret with Tubby that evening.

TOURIST IN GERMANY—I.

The October JOURNAL summarized the activities of Toc H Clubs and Circles in occupied Germany; in the November issue the Hon. Administrator outlined plans for organizing our work there. The Editor now sets down a few of his impressions after a short visit.

MY theme should be 'A Fortnight's Visit to Toc H in Germany.' It cannot be only, or even mainly, that, for Toc H never functions in a vacuum or for its own sake. It acts against the scenery of a background, it serves in and for the living world of which it is a part. And so this article, fragmentary as it must be, is rather 'A Tourist's-eye view of Post-war Europe'—or one corner of it, with the sub-title 'Where does Toc H come in?'

Country and Town

Robert and I left Brussels before dawn with a load of stores in the 'tilly' van. As we neared Louvain the sun came up in a lovely rosy haze over the frosted fields. We crossed a corner of Holland, and at Venlo, heavily scarred with the last attack, we drank a cup of excellent coffee before touching the German frontier.

I confess to leaving the barrier, where our passes were checked, in an unreasonable mood of pain, anger and apprehension. What should we find in this country, once holding out such warm welcome, now, having betrayed it, beaten to her knees? A scrupulously neat village, with bright dahlias leaning over a well-painted fence, men (usually in the remnants of grey-green uniform) ploughing the fields with a lean horse and an ox harnessed together, women picking potatoes, children, not badly dressed, playing here and there—these were the immediate impressions. Beyond the rusty carcases of overturned cars, their wheels always stripped, a burnt-out tank here and there in the ditch and many notices reading, '*Road and shoulders clear of mines,*' there was little token that the greatest of wars had so recently swept over this countryside. Were the tales of misery really true? And then we came into the industrial Ruhr, mile after mile of desolation, in extent utterly beyond anything the bombed cities at home can show. Beyond the wreckage of Essen, a fantasy of jagged walls and twisted

girders, with hundreds of grey-faced people wandering the streets or standing in enormous queues for the occasional tram, we halted on rising ground, a little less encumbered with ruins, above Bochum. We stretched our legs and drew out sandwiches and a thermos of coffee, for we were hungry after eight hours driving. At once—as always seems to happen—we were surrounded by children, appearing from nowhere and hungrier still. A packet of biscuits made them cheerful; a cigarette did the same for a coal-miner who next turned up on a bicycle. With him I had the first of many conversations with German civilians. He had been kept on his job, not taken for the Army ("thank God," he said fervently). His father had died in the concentration camp at Dachau (he produced evidence in a pass signed by a British officer). He had listened to the B.B.C.'s German broadcast every night ("Lindley Fraser and all those are like friends to me"). Four days before the Allies broke into the Ruhr he received a summons from the Gestapo (he brought out the crumpled paper) telling him to attend at their office at a certain hour "on a personal matter": he guessed they had found out about his wireless set. "What did you do?" I asked. He grinned—"Got on my bike and rode like the devil to meet the Americans." That morning, he added before leaving to get the children's dinner—if any, his small daughter, aged 9, had gone to school for the first time: "It's bad for children not to be at school, but, you see, those Nazi swine—." He rode away.

I set down these trivial details because, in the first hour or two in Germany, they gave me an inkling of several things, later to be confirmed. First, in defeated Germany, as at home and elsewhere in Europe, people have a much better standard of life in the country than in bombed cities. Secondly, people who have survived 'saturation bombing' such as this had been, are still more or less 'bomb-

'happy': many of them go about like sleep-walkers, vacant and vague. Thirdly, their children particularly are hungry, bloodless, often disfigured by rashes and boils: little wonder when their ration scale is less than half ours and no one above the age of two has any allowance of milk. Their education has been neglected also (as later I found medicine had been) by a government which was leading its people back to barbarism. And then—as all of us except the most prejudiced have always known—'the Party' never had the inward allegiance of anything like the whole nation.

Some Vital Questions

Let me dilate a little on this last point, for our judgment on it must colour the whole 'background' and help us to understand the 'phoney' atmosphere of the country our troops occupy and in which Toc H has to work. Every German to whom one has a chance of talking wishes to be reckoned an anti-Nazi, as is natural enough in defeat. Those who proclaim themselves otherwise lose their jobs or are locked up, as is the case with the great army of the S.S., which one sees behind the wire of camps once populated by our own men in captivity, or working on the roads or in the fields under British guard. At the start of every fresh conversation one has the right to be very critical concerning this anti-Nazi claim. By the end one may conclude that it is sincere, insincere or 'not proven.' If sincere (as often I was convinced it was) why was there so little apparent resistance to the infamous régime?

Actually there was more, both open and covert, than we are usually told. Belsen and Dachau and Auschwitz and many another concentration camp are now yielding a part of the ghastly evidence. We who have never lived under the unsleeping terror of informers and secret police, absence of public trial and the threat of torture and death for our families as well as ourselves, find it hard to appreciate what resistance to the 'new order', in Germany as in occupied Europe, really meant. I could tell stories of fear and hatred and suffering which cropped up in conversation with many Germans. Instead of arguing

why there was not more resistance still, let me quote from a manuscript in my possession. It is the text of the speech with which the medical faculty of the University of Heidelberg was reopened by a German professor last August:

"Thousands in Germany have sought death, or at least found it, in opposition to the régime. As our Jewish friends were carried away, we have not gone out into the streets, have not cried aloud until we also were destroyed. We have chosen to remain alive on the feeble—if also justifiable—ground that our deaths would not have helped at all. That we live is our own fault. We know, before God, how deeply this humiliates us . . . That we survive until now is like a miracle. But, beyond that, that we live at all is our own choice. It demands that we should take upon ourselves the consequences of existence on such terms. Our only remaining honour in this dishonour is to be sincere, and then to work, endlessly, patiently, in the face of every hindrance, so long as it is given us to work. We want to earn our life which has been thus saved for us."

To another question, often asked, "Do you find German people repentant about the crime they have committed in making war on Europe?" I answer frankly, "No." They bitterly blame "the Nazis" for it, not themselves. The reason for this lies in the German character, which has moulded, and been much moulded by, centuries of unhappy, disunited history, extremely unlike our own. They are by nature individualists, held together by force: left to themselves their policies dissolve in a swamp of private quarrels. And force has seldom been wanting to take charge of their destiny; they have not made themselves master in their own house. To the plain man there is no argument when a thing is *polizeilich verboten* (forbidden by the police); he clicks his heels and obeys. It is a commonplace that the Germans are a herd, sheep that can easily put on wolf's clothing.

From this it follows that the Germans have grown up as children in politics. Much more than ourselves—and we are by no means proof against this danger, especially in these new days of our 'socialisation'—they divide daily life into 'we' and 'they,' the private citizen and the Government. The citizen does what he is told, the Government what it thinks good for the country—or in some cases for itself. So "the Nazis," says the plain man, made the war and then mismanaged

its conduct. He is convinced—or tries painfully to convince himself—that he had no responsibility for it except to do as he was told. It is not difficult to maintain that the doctrine of Luther himself plays into the hands of the German's almighty State, but it is also true that the only sign of repentance I have noticed is an uncompromising confession, signed by the whole Conference of German Evangelical Churches, recently held at Stuttgart, that they as Christians have sinned grievously against all men, are repentant and will devote themselves to making amends.

On this basis of 'we' and 'they' no new Germany, fit to co-operate with a community of free nations (if we had one) can be built. The process of "re-education" will be slow, painful and full of risks. The first step is that the truth about the crime against mankind should break into the German mind, which does not yet seem ready to face such an adventure. Twelve years of Nazi rule and super-military discipline, combined with defeat and undernourishment, have fatally confirmed the German's lack of initiative. He is co-operative to the point of servility, as anyone in our Military Government or Control Commission will tell you. He leans on our authority, doing little off his own bat but 'jumping to it' at every word of command. I believe that the average German of to-day can conceive no future without a 'Führer,' whether angel or devil, to tell him where to begin and where to leave off. The "democratic Germany" of the future, so much trumpeted by the press on both sides of the Atlantic, seems to me wishful thinking, within no measurable distance of taking human shape. What then? The Russians have their own solution, called "democratic," for Germany, but we do not believe it is the right one. The question remains, like a layer of cloud over the sky.

I have interrupted the narrative of a journey with certain reflections, because I believe it is important to look at the country where one has to travel and to make up one's mind where one is going. Toc H with the B.A.O.R. travels in Germany and cannot risk doing it without some understanding and some goal. Of that more later.

British Army of the Rhine

That evening Robert and I reached Bad Salzuflen, the pleasant old watering place where are the headquarters of all the 'voluntary bodies,' including Toc H. A whole street of houses has been requisitioned for them,



H.Q. of Toc H, B.A.O.R., Bad Salzuflen

and, arriving at ours in the nick of time for Arthur Edgar's farewell party (he left next morning to take up the Secretaryship of B.E.L.R.A. in London), I had a chance to meet our 'opposite numbers' of Y.M.C.A., Church Army, Salvation Army and Catholic Women's League and to see how warm-hearted is the way we work together. The evening I spent in our Services Club and witnessed, not for the first time, how the high-speed work of a canteen counter swamps the chances of doing much of the real work of Toc H. The place is very popular, for friendship presides over the buns and tea, hair-cream and lipstick on sale. Readers of Lako's article in last month's JOURNAL know that we are about to attack this problem, now

that the 'shooting war' is over, so as to devote our energies to the peace-time programme of Toc H.

Next morning the Toc H 3-tonner took me as supercargo—through hills entranced in the Autumn gold and scarlet of beech and maple—to Göttingen, a famous University town. In the fine Club there, served by an excellent team of three, I could see more clearly two of the problems between which we have to work. One concerns British troops, the other the civilian population. The two elements come closely together in our Göttingen Club, for we have under our roof the largest available hall in the town. As you walk through the streets, therefore, you see bills on every hoarding headed 'Toc H Presents'—and underneath a programme of a concert or dance in German. I enjoyed a first-class German variety show one night there, at which the audience was about half German and half British, and at the dances British soldiers find German partners. This is all done by the express wish of the military authorities. Opinions will differ: I am sure they are right.

That states facts but not either of the main problems. The enormous civilian problem I will leave till later. The military problem which concerns our work is a 'browned-off' British Army. Almost any soldier you speak to will begin "My group is No. So-and-so, and I shall be out of this damned country in March, thank God." This is no secret whatever, and any letter home or man on leave from the B.A.O.R. will confirm it.

I hasten to add that being 'browned-off' need not in the least imply that morale is low or discipline doubtful. The morale of the British soldier in occupation strikes an outsider as being extremely high. He bears himself as a free man, proud of the fighting badges of his unit. There are bad patches here and there, as there always must be, and they damage but do not destroy the general picture. But these men are weary of barrack life and longing for home comforts and freedoms. The technicians among them are kept busy with building and repairing, with machinery, tools and transport, and the bulk of them with interminable patrols and the

like, but the troops as a whole now feel that they belong to the great army of the "unemployed in uniform." This is the soil in which the worst features of Service life can, and do, flourish best. In addition they are masters of a people disrupted and demoralized; 'rackets' come easy. It is not good going, even for the strongest character, and this is where Toc H, with its limited resources can come in—I need not describe how. It *does* come in, wherever you find it.

In the face of all that, most of our men are good ambassadors—as I felt them to be on the Rhine in 1918—of the things for which we stand. Germans notice their disciplined assurance, their firmness and their fairness, their kind-hearted and 'no nonsense' ways. From the British soldier they can begin to learn what the vaunted abstraction 'democracy' means to a man in practice. And that Germans should observe and learn this is vital; many lives in the future may hang upon it. Probably not very many British soldiers are actively conscious of what they are doing in this regard or how much it signifies.

The Children and the D.P.'s

I will pass by the ghastly ruins of Hannover, where I spent a couple of nights in our Club, the only building upstanding in the big Station Square, and come to Fallingbostel, many miles further North. Here you will touch Toc H *in excelsis* in the B.A.O.R., in the hands of Vic Martin and his wife, 'Bill,' late of Warden Manor, which many Toc H men and women will remember. They reign over the charming village pub, which, as an Army Chaplain said to me, is "the spiritual centre of the whole district."

I won't try to describe so good a thing but will confine myself to two points. Through the steep streets of Fallingbostel great convoys of Army lorries rattle every day. The small children of the village run risks and have been injured, for they had nowhere in particular to play. Toc H has one of its 'Services Teams' there; I met it and initiated its Secretary. Its members had cemented their fellowship and were looking round for an outlet for it in service. As usual,

when a Toc H unit has any imagination, they found the chance of service waiting on their doorstep, among their nearest neighbours. With the wholehearted help of the Town Major they got a lorry and carted sand from a distance to make a sand-pit in the orchard where a wooden hut serves for the village Kindergarten. They added swings and a see-saw, the work of their own hands. One of them, returning from leave by road, brought a great package of toys from Brussels—for Germany, the home of toys, now has none. And then they threw a children's party, to be followed by others. One morning I drove round with Vic to the spot. The moment our car stopped at the gate a pack of tiny children broke out of the Kindergarten hut and swarmed all over us, shouting, "Uncle Vic!" With them clinging round me, I went inside and talked to the young German girl who is their teacher, and was proudly shown the toys, which Toc H men keep in repair. There are no barriers in the friendship which rules this 'job.'

Now I touch another matter which affects us at Fallingbostel—the problem of the 'D.P.'s' (Displaced Persons). A number of our new members will always remember Fallingbostel, for they joined Toc H there in the prisoner of war camp called Stalag XI B. I passed their compound but did not venture in. Their huts, which look squalid enough now, are the homes of some thousands of 'displaced' Polish men, women and children, remnants of Hitler's army of slaves. When first they came the barbed wire fence was still up and armed guards could control the traffic in and out. But, on representations from the Polish Government, the wire was removed and trouble began in earnest. A Polish civilian with a rifle still directs the traffic on the road, but most Poles seem to be armed now—and we have had to follow suit. No one in Fallingbostel, unless it is essential, goes out after dark, no sensible person unarmed by day. German women and children are by no means safe behind the barred doors of their houses. The great forests of the Luneburg Heath, which lies round Fallingbostel, are haunted by bandit gangs—you are

told to drive fast by day and never after dark and to have your weapon handy. The Toc H car in which I left there had had its back window shot out on a previous journey; our lorry had bullet holes in the roof and its driver, since I left, has opened fire on a dozen Poles dragging a tree across the road to hold him up. The Army supplies an armed guard day and night on our Club and they have already had to shoot from the windows. I do not want to exaggerate the problem, but it is real and may become more serious in winter. This is a legacy of the Nazi "new order." These are unhappy, homeless people who are afraid to go home, because they dare not cross hundreds of miles of Russian occupied Germany and are distrustful of their reception by their own countrymen, even if they completed the journey. Meanwhile they are getting some of their own back, and we are among the sufferers.

The Refugees

I spent a night with an excellent Toc H member, who is a major in Military Government on the banks of the Elbe. He got me entry to the Belsen trial in Luneburg, but I do not propose to describe in detail my unexciting hour in the Court. I sat near that corner of the immense dock in which Josef Cramer, as No. 1, bent his head, continuously writing notes. At No. 9, I watched the handsome devilish face of Irma Greese, most notorious of a band of sub-human women. Above the Bench, with its two red-hatted Generals in the centre, and a bewigged barrister beside them, closely packed rows of German faces looked down from the gallery upon the accused, motionless, absorbed—for they had never seen anyone defended (least of all by his enemies) in a criminal court before and were, I felt, both puzzled and impressed by what we reckon justice.

On the banks of the Elbe, at this point the frontier of the Russian zone, 'Mil. Gov.' was tackling quite a different problem—the refugees. Day after day, as all the world now knows, all Germans who can contrive it are streaming out of Russian occupation into the zones of the other Allies, especially into our

own. Here, as everywhere, 'Mil. Gov.' is wrestling with an intractable problem. In the coming months of winter we shall know whether those are right who see a solution coming not by human agency but by a wave of casualties of famine and disease not known in Europe since the Black Death in the 14th century.

With means at present much too slight we face and fight, with winter striding to meet us and snow already falling, what may well be one of the great tragedies of history. Among the means place very high indeed the labours of our own Military Government and Control Commission. I was deeply impressed by the seriousness of the officers I met, their sense of responsibility, even of vocation. I found it moving just to listen to one side of a conversation as I sat in our young Toc H member's office after breakfast. I was trying to help him by reading a typed memorandum by the local priest on re-forming the Youth Movement in the village (by Field Marshal Montgomery's wish this is a 'Mil. Gov.' concern, among a thousand others) when the telephone rang. "More lorries, Sergeant? But you've got a big convoy

already." He translated the buzz of the unseen speaker to me—"Yessir, but we've a lot more people come over the river than we reckoned this morning." "Right—I'll see to it": he rang off and got busy on this minor crisis. So, without pause, the problem mounts and is met.

* * * *

To come nearer to this matter you must enter the Russian zone itself, and this I did, travelling by the only road open to us, the 130 mile corridor which leads into Berlin. Of the people on the road, of the nightmare City and our Toc H outpost there, I want to present some picture next month. I shall say something—one cannot say all—about the great question-mark which hangs over it and over the world's peace, and more, I hope, about the rôle which I believe Toc H is called to play in Germany. The scale of our effort is infinitesimal in so huge a canvas but its principle is vitally important to ourselves and others. Meanwhile, as General Winter takes the field, have our small band of men and women in your thoughts and prayers. They are indeed "on Active Service."

B.B.

(To be concluded.)

THREE ANNOUNCEMENTS

B.E.L.R.A. Appeal

There will be a wireless appeal for B.E.L.R.A. in the 'Week's Good Cause' (B.B.C. Home Service, 8.25 p.m.) on Sunday, December 16. It is hoped that many Toc H members and their friends will listen.

Rugger at Manchester

The revival of the London Toc H Rugger Club, announced in the October JOURNAL, is getting well under way. The Manchester Toc H Rugger Club now announces that it has already played three games this season, winning one. During the war 52 of its members were on active service; five were killed and two decorated. Regular touch was kept with 46 of the members by a monthly news letter or a personal one: altogether 3,550 letters were sent. New players will be welcome—apply to the Hon. Sec., Wilfrid Lord,

74, Derby Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

Toc H Ties again

Our old friend, Charles Thompson, official outfitter to Toc H, has been demobbed from the Army Physical Training Corps and has reopened his business (C. R. Thompson Ltd., 41, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E.1.). The old supply of material for Toc H ties is exhausted, but in the present material available the following items can be had:—

ART SILK TIES.—4s. 6d. each, postage 2½d.; 51s. 0d. per doz., postage paid.

ART SILK NON-CREASE TIES.—6s. 11d. each, postage 2½d.; 80s. 0d. per doz., postage paid.

ART SILK SQUARES.—16s. 11d. each, postage 2½d.

Clothing coupons required—1 per Tie, 2 per Square. Members must enclose membership card when ordering by post.